

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June 18, 1888, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Hotel de France
Bordeaux, June 18th., 1888 My dear Alec:

I did not realize until I had read Mr. Hitz' letter — for which please thank him exceedingly — what a triumph you had scored the other day. I certainly wish that I could have been there to see although I would have also wished to have been invisible —fairy-like — How the gentlemen must have wondered when you brought out document after document in proof of all you said. I don't believe they are accustomed to such earnestness, thoroughness and lavish expenditure of labor and money. I hope you looked very neat and nice, had your hair cut and beard trimmed. I really wish you would hire a valet temporarily — ask Mr. Hitz to get you one. I don't think you realize even yet the importance of an irreproachable exterior although your neglect once nearly cost you your wife. And say what you will Englishmen of the class you are now addressing think more of these things than Americans do. I am somewhat troubled by Mr. Hitz' account of you — please do be careful of yourself and don't overwork too far You are not so young as you were ten years ago. Do be careful — I can't do without you as I find out every day. I want you with me awfully and yet I don't want you to shorten your stay in London on that account. Accept all the invitations to dinner you get — and meet all the great men you can — I want to hear all about them. I always feel as if you were my second self and all the gorgeous people you meet I meet too, and enjoy far more than if I really met them. Never mind a little dyspepsia. We'll go home to Cape Breton and live on bread and milk the rest of the summer. I shall be quite ready to go, in the middle of next month — But I am not going to bother you with a long letter which you won't read. Suffice to say that we reached Bordeaux 2 this evening at six, having left Limoges at 11, picked up the children at Angouleme at 4.30 — Papa and Mamma and I ran up to Limoges yesterday attracted by the fame of the enamel and

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porcelain manufactured there and were awfully sold to find that the chief manufactory of porcelains was Haviland's of London — whose wares are the commonest in the market — while there were only two or three second rate specimens of enamel — It was hard work travelling ten hours to find this out! — We are most comfortably situated here — and will probably remain for a few days and then go down to the seashore. We have had glorious weather, bright sunshine which might be hot but that it is always tempered by exquisitely bright fresh air — I don't think I ever knew such a combination before — unless indeed at Baddeck. I am sure you would enjoy it.

Don't you feel very sorry for the poor Emperor. — Think of his having to wait all these years for his opportunity and then that it should come too late. I just hate the new fellow.

I hope you will be able to write sometime, meantime take care of yourself — but don't make other people do it for you.

Lovingly, Mabel.